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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

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MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.

AN ORIGINAL IRISH DRAMA,

IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS.

By JOHN L. CARLETON.

TOGETHER WITH

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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☞ The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. *male*; F. *female*.

No.		M.	F.
75.	Adrienne, drama, 3 acts	7	3
114.	Anything for a Change, comedy, 1	3	3
167.	Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts.	7	3
93.	Arca Belle (The), farce, 1 act	3	2
40.	Atchi, comedietta, 1 act	3	2
89.	Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act	3	3
192.	Game of Cards (A), c medietta, 1	3	1
166.	Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2
41.	Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act	2	3
141.	Bells (The), drama, 3 acts	9	3
67.	Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act	7	3
36.	Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts	7	5
160.	Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts	11	6
70.	Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act	3	1
179.	Breach of Promise,, drama, 2 acts.	5	2
25.	Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1	4	8
24.	Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act	2	2
1.	Caste, comedy, 3 acts	5	3
69.	Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act	4	1
175.	Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.	10	5
55.	Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts	12	5
80.	Charming pair, farce, 1 act	4	3
65.	Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts	6	5
68.	Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3
76.	Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2
149.	Clouds, comedy, 4 acts	8	7
121.	Comical Countess, farce, 1 act	3	1
107.	Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act	2	1
152.	Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act	1	1
52.	Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act	3	1
148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act	2	1
113.	Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts	10	4
199.	Captain of the Watch (The), comedietta, 1 act	4	2
20.	Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts	8	4
4.	Dandelion's Dodges, far e, 1 act	4	2
22.	David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts	8	3
96.	Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act,	4	3
16.	Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts	6	5
58.	Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts	7	6
125.	Deerfoot, farce, 1 act	5	1
71.	Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts.	5	3
142.	Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts.	9	4

No.		M.	F.
21.	Dreams, drama, 5 acts	6	3
186.	Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts.	6	4
47.	Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act	5	2
13.	Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
200.	Estranged, an operetta, 1 act	2	1
103.	Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
9.	Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act	4	1
128.	Female Detective, drama, 3 acts	11	4
101.	Fernande, drama, 3 acts	11	10
99.	Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts	10	2
145.	First Love, comedy, 1 act	4	1
102.	Foiled, drama, 4 acts	9	3
88.	Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act	4	2
74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act	7	4
53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
73.	Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act	5	3
131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act	4	3
28.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act	1	1
151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act	2	
8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts	10	3
180.	Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	3	5
19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act	3	2
60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts	5	5
187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act	4	1
174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts	4	3
64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act	1	1
190.	Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act	4	1
191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act	4	2
197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts	14	2
18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1 act	4	3
116.	I'm Not Mesilf at All, original Irish stew, 1 act	3	2
129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act	2	3
159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act	4	2
122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts	11	4
177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts	9	2
139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts	3	3
17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts	6	4
86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts	12	5
72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act	4	2

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE HILTON, who comes of an illustrious family.
MARMADUKE, his son. commonly known as "The Duke."
ALPHONSUS BELHAVEN, a characteristic land agent.
DICK HARVEY, an unscrupulous villain.
MAJOR LOOKOUT, a jolly good fellow, "ye know."
TEDDY O'NEIL, a rale sprig of the ould sod.
CAPTAIN DE BALZAC, a remnant of the Empire.
ANDY, TOM, JOE, } smugglers.
JOHN JEMISON, an aristocratic servant of the olden time.

TIME OF PLAYING—ONE HOUR AND THREE-QUARTERS.

SCENERY.—*Irish*, 1876-'82.

PROLOGUE.—A well-furnished room in the Hilton mansion. Door C. F.; windows each side of door.

ACT I.—Scenes 1 and 3.—Killarney Heights by moonlight, showing outside of Hilton mansion, R. 2 and 3 E.; rocky landscape on flat; wood wings; stone wall running back of stage, with gate in centre. Scene 3.—A country road.

ACT II.—Interior of a convict's cell in the Round Tower. Trap door in middle of floor of cell.

ACT III.—The smugglers' rendezvous in the Friars' Glen. Water scene on flat, with picture of French cutter lying off in the distance; rocks, high at both ends, extending across stage from R.U.E. to L.U.E.; rock and wood wings; kegs, small boxes, rigging, and other evidences of the smugglers' trade, scattered about the stage; a hanging pot, with remains of fire under it, R. 1 E.

COSTUMES.

SQUIRE.—Black coat and pants, white vest, silk hat, walking cane.

MARMADUKE.—Prologue—Riding suit: kid gloves, whip. Act I.—Wide-brimmed, dark felt hat, short coat with vest and pants of same material, pants tucked into long boots, heavy overcoat. Acts II. and III., same except overcoat.

ALPHONSUS.—Prologue—Black coat and pants, white vest. Acts I., II. and III.—Light-colored pants and vest, dark-colored sack coat.

DICK.—Ragged suit, soldier's fatigue cap and overcoat, all old and dirty.

MAJOR.—Prologue—Full-dress uniform of the British army. Acts I., II. and III.—Undress, or fatigne uniform.

TEDDY.—Prologue—Knee-breeches, blue stockings, heavy shoes, high soft hat. Acts I. and II.—Suit of an American workingman, with change to same as Prologue. Act III., same as Acts I. and II., with addition of a woman's hat and wrapper, or ulster, for overdress for disguise.

CAPTAIN.—Naval officer's dress, snug fitting: cap with gold lace band and ornaments.

JOHN.—Well-worn black dress suit.

SMUGGLERS.—Ordinary seaman's suits.

PROPERTIES.

PROLOGUE.—Writing materials, books, papers, bell and match-safe, on table: waiter with decanter of wine and glasses for JOHN JEMISON; cigar for MAJOR, driving gloves for "DUKE."

ACT I.—Dagger, key of gate, and packet containing will for ALPHONSUS; revolver for DICK HARVEY; hat belonging to SQUIRE to put on lawn.

ACT II.—Handcuffs for "DUKE"; dagger and passport for ALPHONSUS; key for TEDDY; revolver for MAJOR.

ACT III.—Pack of cards for ANDY and others; boxes, kegs, ropes, etc., to lay about stage; basket, bottles of whiskey, knife, and stick for TEDDY; Handcuffs for MAJOR to put on DICK HARVEY; revolver and dagger for ALPHONSUS; revolver for "DUKE," revolver for MAJOR.

SYNOPSIS.

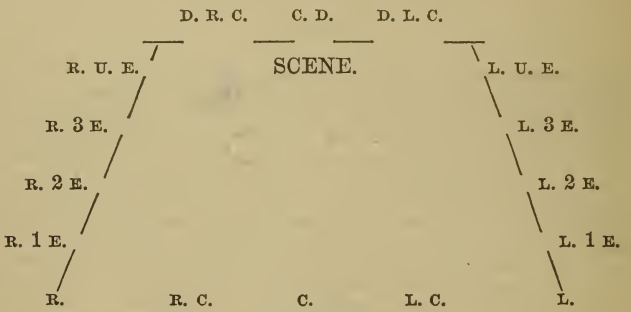
The scene of this drama is laid in Killarney, Ireland. The date for Prologue being about 1876 and for the three acts following the prologue, 1881. There are two plots running through the play, one arising in the Prologue, and the other in Act I. In the first, the old SQUIRE, a landholder of an old and distinguished family, prompted by his land agent, BELHAVEN, a designing and unscrupulous villain, is led to misconstrue the actions of his only son and heir, MARMADUKE, familiarly known as "Duke," whom he denounces and disowns. The son is supposed to go to America, accompanied by a genuine Irishman named TEDDY, who has conceived a strong affection for "DUKE," and both find their way to the mining regions of California, where they are supposed to remain five years, and to amass some money, after which both return to Ireland. About the time of their arrival the plot arising in Act I. begins. In this, the villain BELHAVEN, having exhausted his artifices upon the old SQUIRE, and induced him to make a will, making him sole heir of his Estate, and disinheriting his son, becomes alarmed at some indications of distrust and dissatisfaction on the part of the SQUIRE, and fearing that the SQUIRE may alter the will which he has procured in his favor, determines to get rid of the old man, and lays a plan for abducting him and shipping him to Normandy. This plan is, by the aid of a gang of smugglers and thieves, partly carried out, and the SQUIRE is drugged and carried by the villains to a cave on the sea shore, to await the coming of the smugglers' vessel. BELHAVEN, on the very eve of the abduction, hears of the return of "DUKE," and having become possessed of the will in his own favor, lays a plan to entrap "DUKE" by getting an accomplice to conceal the will in "DUKE'S" luggage, and then intimates that he has murdered his father on account of his disinheritance. He then notifies the authorities of the SQUIRE'S disappearance, and in company with the MAJOR pretends to make a search for the SQUIRE. Here "DUKE" appears on the scene, and coming by night, in his eagerness to see his father, to his old home, unwittingly falls into the trap prepared for him, and is arrested and imprisoned. Here he is visited by TEDDY, who forms a plan for his escape, and by BELHAVEN, who vaunts his triumph, and is in return charged by "DUKE" with the murder of the SQUIRE, upon which BELHAVEN makes two attempts to take his life, but each is in turn frustrated by the appearance of TEDDY, and of the MAJOR, who has been led to

suspect the treachery of BELHAVEN, and believes "DUKE" innocent. "DUKE," by the aid of TEDDY, makes his escape, and the search for the SQUIRE is renewed. The trail of the smugglers is discovered almost simultaneously by the MAJOR, TEDDY and "DUKE," each of whom plays an important, though independent, part in the capture of the villains and the release of the SQUIRE. BELHAVEN again comes in and makes another attempt on the life of "DUKE" and is shot by the MAJOR. TEDDY discovers and releases the SQUIRE, and an explanation and reconciliation follow.

The play affords an opportunity for considerable scenic effect, and presents several striking tableaux, and the characters, although quite diverse, are all excellent, and give opportunities for some strong acting.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C.	Centre.	L.	Left.
R.	Right.	L. C.	Left Centre.
R. C.	Right Centre.	L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.	L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.	L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.	L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.	C. D.	Centre Door.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.	D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—*A room in the Hilton Mansion.* ALPHONSUS *discovered, writing at table,* C. *Curtain to rise to music, "Come back to Erin."*

ALPHONSUS (*folding and laying aside paper*). There, that much is finished, and as soon as Major Lookout arrives, with his battalion of the 76th, I'll proceed with his assistance to execute my writs of eviction. Ha, ha, my brave Irish lads, you'll defy me no longer; now that I've the English government at my back, I'll unloose my scourge and make the blood trickle from your backs; I'll pay you for the insults heaped on me, and make you come on your knees for pardon. Neither will I forget your bold leader, Marmaduke Hilton, the boy that spurred you on; nor the lass, Mary O'Connor, who spurned my proffered love an trampled on my feelings, for the sake of that miserable cur, Hilton. I've laid my plans *well*, and if I can carry them out and get him out of my way, then the Lily of Killarney shall be mine whether she will or no. (*looks at his watch*) Past the time for the Major to be here; I wonder what detains him.

Enter JOHN JEMISON, C.

JOHN. Major Lookout, of her Majesty's 76th regiment. [*Exit.*

Enter MAJOR LOOKOUT, C.

ALPHON. (*rising*). Good morning, Major; I've been expecting you for the last half hour. At present I am unable to do a thing without your assistance.

MAJOR. Ah! indeed, Mr. Belhaven, if I had known your demands were so urgent I might have come last week. (*both sit at table,* C.) But, you see, the roads are so rough and the travelling so blasted bad, and all that sort of thing, ye know, that a fellow don't feel like exerting himself. And d'ye know, only last night, as I stopped to bathe in the river, the regiment still marching on, I was seized by a lot of those fellows, Moonshiners, I think you call them, who would have carried me—the devil knows where, but for the timely assistance of a young man, at the head of a number of the—of the—the Irish, ye know, who heard my cries for help.

ALPHON. Did you hear the young man's name, Major?

MAJ. No, not exactly; you see the people called him "The Duke."

ALPHON. "The Duke!" why, he's the son of the squire; and between ourselves, the greatest scoundrel under the sun.

MAJ. Well, I don't care a dem, the young fellow did me a good turn, and I shan't forget him for it either, ye know.

ALPHON. All right, Major, all right. But let us to business. You understand that these Irish are such an unruly class of people, that unless the land agent has a military force at his command, he is unable to collect one cent of his rents.

MAJ. The Irish may be unruly—yes—ah—ah—ye see, I've yet to discover it; my honest opinion is that the land agents are unmitigated scoundrels, ye know.

ALPHON. Oh! present company always excepted.

MAJ. Well, I'm deuced, if I don't think the exception proves the existence of the rule.

ALPHON. (*rings bell; enter* JOHN, C. *To* JOHN). Go and bring some refreshments. (*exit* JOHN. *To* MAJOR) Major, it's very evident that you don't understand these brutes yet. I'll guarantee that if you stay here a month, you'll regret the day you accepted a commission in the British Army.

MAJ. Guarantee as much as you please, but don't bet on it; ye might lose your money, ye know. (*aside*) He don't seem to know that I've lived the best part of my life in this country, and, dem it, he won't know it, for a while, either.

Enter JOHN, *with refreshments, which he puts on table.*

ALPHON. (*to* JOHN). That will do, you may go.

[*Exit* JOHN, C. ALPHONSUS *pours wine into glasses, each takes one.*

MAJ. (*holding up glass*). Dem it, here's to the restoration of peace in the Hilton demesne.

ALPHON. Amen, I say. (*both drink*) Mr. Hilton will be here shortly to sign these writs of eviction; but before he comes, I want to give you, confidentially, the particulars of a case in which I may have to ask your help. On the hillside, about three-quarters of a mile from here, lives an old man, Patrick O'Connor, and his daughter Mary, the most beautiful girl on this side of the Atlantic.

MAJ. (*starts*). Egad!

ALPHON. And, to make the story short, I want to marry her, and she won't have me; but I'm bound to get her.

MAJ. The deuce she won't; why, I've always understood that good looking girls married homely fellows, ye know.

ALPHON. (*rising*). The Irish breeze has sharpened your wit this morning, Major; but I know that should I want your assistance I shall find you ready to give it. I'll see that you'll lose nothing for your trouble. But I must away and find Mr. Hilton; he can't have been told of your arrival. [*Exit*, R. 3 E.

MAJ. (*rising and looking after him*). Dem me, what does that low-bred fellow take me for? It makes me blush. Does he think I'd take his bribe, dem him. I'll slap his mouth, if he ever mentions such a thing again. Does he think the Government sent me here to help him to get a pretty wife? If he does, he's—ah—mistaken—ye know. (*sits*)

Enter SQUIRE HILTON *and* ALPHONSUS, R. 3 E.

SQUIRE. I believe I have the honor of meeting Major Lookout?

MAJ. (*rising*). Egad, you have, and you——

SQUIRE. I am Squire Hilton, of the illustrious family of that name.

MAJ. Oh, the devil! How are you?

SQUIRE. Exceedingly well, thank you.

MAJ. Oh, don't thank me, I didn't give it ye, ye know.

SQUIRE. But I know that you would do so if you could. Pray, be seated, and let us attend to our little business. (*all sit.*)

ALPHON. (*to* MAJOR). Sir, there is a matter which duty compels me to make known to you. It pains me——

MAJ. Then take some "Perry Davis' Pain Killer." Sure cure—used it when I was in India, ye know.

ALPHON. Nay, it grieves me——

MAJ. Dem it, get half a dozen handkerchiefs and cry it out, that'll relieve you—heard the doctor recommend it, once.

ALPHON, (*aside*). I don't want to insult that fellow, but I do wish he'd keep his mouth shut; he'll make a farce of it. I wonder if he'd take a wink. (*while* ALPHONSUS *is saying this, the* MAJOR *takes a cigar out of his pocket and bites off the tip of it.* ALPHONSUS *winks at him.*)

MAJ. Very sorry, my dear fellow, but, you see, it's the last I've got; your wink came just a moment too late, ye know. (*lights cigar.*)

ALPHON. (*to* SQUIRE). Yes, sir, I regret very much this disagreeable duty, which is to inform you of serious misconduct on the part of your son.

SQUIRE. What! is he at his pranks again?

ALPHON. Believe me, sir, I would not trouble you with it if I did not think myself in duty bound to do so. You are already aware of the way he has turned the tenants against myself, and of the feelings of disrespect he has instilled into their minds against you; but, not not content with this, he has gone so far as to become the chairman of a revolutionary body called the "Irish Preservation Society."

SQUIRE. Oh, oh, the wretch! after all my warnings.

ALPHON. No later than this morning, when I was about to evict the Widow McCarthy, he rushed into the hut, and not only abused me with his tongue, but severely cowhided me.

MAJ. Eh? What did you let the blasted fellow do it for?

ALPHON. I received his unjust punishment for my master's sake. Had he been other than Squire Hilton's son, I should have defended myself.

MAJ. (*aside*). A nice martyr, ye know.

SQUIRE. Alphonsus, my dear fellow, your goodness of heart is only equalled by your kindness to me.

MAJ. (*aside*). That's devilish soft, ye know.

ALPHON. He then paid the rent out of his own pocket, and turned me out of the house.

SQUIRE. That villain will disgrace our illustrious family yet.

MAJ. Yes, of course he will, ye know.

ALPHON. (*aside*). The Major's beginning to understand. (*to* SQUIRE) I am sorry that this is not *all*, but I hope you'll forgive me; it makes me feel terribly to be obliged to impart such unpleasant news.

SQUIRE. I forgive you—go on.

MAJ. (*aside*). Yes, go on; a fertile imagination is like a river, it can go on forever, ye know.

ALPHON. Well, then, your son is engaged to be married to Mary, daughter of Patrick O'Connor.

SQUIRE. Oh, ruin, ruin! the disgrace of an illustrious family name—it's enough to stir the bones of my forefathers in their coffins. I—I—faint, I suffocate—air! air! (*the* MAJOR *and* ALPHONSUS *steady him on either side, and assist him off, &c.*) [*Exeunt all.*

Music, "Killarney." Enter MARMADUKE, C.

DUKE. Oh, what a glorious morning! Such a sweet calm rests on the fair bosom of Killarney that the emerald fringe that skirts her limits is pictured there as in a mirror. How well its deep shade portrays the shadows that surround men's lives. How softly the river steals over its mossy bed, to pour its libations to the ocean. How grandly rise the Macgillicuddy Reeks lifting their proud heads on high, in silent homage to Him who made them. Even the clouds seem moved by a poetic spirit. Where is the artist that could make such a picture? No pencil can copy, no brush portray it, unless the child of art had the very bow of heaven wherewith to tint his canvas. (*Enter* ALPHONSUS C., *hides behind chair*, L. C., *and listens*) 'Tis sad to think that within a stone's throw of Killarney's smile of peace, under the shadow of her grand mountain peaks, within sound of the bubbling ripples of that gently flowing river, beneath that glorious sky, there lives a people weighed down with misery and poverty, eking out a bare subsistence for themselves, and groaning under the weight of burdens laid upon them by rapacious landlords, burdens made heavier by the brutal tyranny of black-hearted land agents, vested with the authority of the absent owner; a set of men dead to all sense of honor, whose finer feelings have been so petrified within them, that the blush of shame for the outrages they commit in the name of law, never rises to their cheeks. Oh, my countrymen, I pray for you; I weep for you; my heart bleeds for you: I have lifted my voice and arm in your defence, and have met with the taunts and jeers of those who are nearest and dearest to me, and yet, what substantial good have I done you? Oh, God! how long must this last? how long must thy people suffer? I hope and pray, but no light brightens the future; the day of deliverance seems as far away as ever. (*sits in chair near table, covering his face with his hands and sighing deeply.*)

ALPHON. (*comes out from behind chair. Aside*). Ha! ha! I'll change these sighs to sobs, ere long. (*goes toward door* C., *looking back at* DUKE, *and shaking his fist at him; encounters* TEDDY O'NEIL, *coming in; they run against each other. To* TEDDY, *fiercely*) Whither are you running? (*goes off.*)

TEDDY. (*standing in door and looking after him*). Sure, now, if I was runnin' to the divil, I'd turn around and follow ye. (*turns toward audience*) Bad scram to him! what does he take me for? Does he think I'm one of his English spalpeens, wid me "'ouse free" and "'alf pound a year," that I must go down on me two marrow bones and beg his lordship's pardon? Och! the vagabond, if ever I catch him at a Tralee fair, wont I crack his skull, now, wont I? (*comes down and sees* DUKE) What's the matter wid the "Duke," I wonder? He looks as if he was slapin'; sure he must have risted bad the night (*sees wine on table*) Faith, what have we here? Ah, Teddy, me boy, wud you take a drink? Arrah, wud a duck swim? Then here's to your health! (*pours out a glass of wine and drinks it*) On me souckings, but that's foine!

DUKE (*rouses up and sees* TEDDY). What are you doing there, Teddy?

TEDDY. Misther Duke, I'm just afther pourin' ye out a drap of the foinest stuff in the world. I t'ought ye looked fatigued, like. (*hands glass to* DUKE, *who drinks.*)

DUKE. Thanks, Teddy; won't you take a drink yourself?

TEDDY. Och! thin, it's mesilf that's greatly obleeged to ye, and

though it's not often I drink (*aside*) [anything as good as that], I don't moind takin' a small sup this mornin'. (*fills glass and raises it*) Here's till yer health, Misther Duke, and may you niver drink anythin' worse nor that. (*drinks.*)

Enter SQUIRE, *and* ALPHONSUS, C.

Begorra, that makes a fellow feel as foine as a spring hare whin the hounds are a hundred miles away.

SQUIRE (*to* DUKE). So, you have arrived, sir?

DUKE. Why, yes, father. Good morning. But you speak strangely.

SQUIRE. Why should I not speak strangely? I feel badly.

DUKE. "Feel badly?" what is the matter, father dear?

SQUIRE. "The matter?" is it not enough that you should disgrace your family, and injure your father, without adding insult to it?

DUKE. Father, I cannot understand you.

ALPHON. It's difficult to make people understand what they do not wish to.

DUKE (*sarcastically*). Indeed! has that been your personal experience, Mr. Belhaven?

SQUIRE. We'll not spare words at trying to make you understand. We'll tell it all to you again, for fear you've forgotten some of it, and then we'll take it for granted, that you have brains enough to enable you to understand. Is it true, sir, that you are the president of a revolutionary body called "The Irish Preservation Society?"

DUKE. Father, it *is* true that I am connected with such a society, but it is *not* true that it is a revolutionary body. It's object is to stay the tide of migration, and keep our people at home; which end we hope to attain by looking after their interests, and by helping them to meet the *just* demands *only* of their landlords, and——

ALPHON. It's a base falsehood. My friend and assistant, Richard Harvey, has reported to me that it was founded in the interest of Fenianism.

DUKE. My father and myself are carrying on this controversy, and we want no assistance from you, and if you dare to repeat those words I'll——

SQUIRE. Stay, boy—I'll not see my agent abused any more by you; no later than this very morning, backed by a crowd of roughs, you publicly cowhided him, and out of respect for me, he tamely submitted to the outrage and refused to strike you, even in self-defence.

DUKE. Ah! that's his story, is it? Listen to mine. Passing through the village this morning, I noticed a commotion around the cabin of poor old Widow McCarthy. Knowing her to be dangerously ill, I hastened to see what was the matter. Judge of my surprise, my indignation, to find there your worthy agent in the act of dragging that poor feeble old woman from her pallet of straw, to die upon the roadside, and that cowardly cur, not heeding her protest that she was unable to move, struck her across the face, "to help her along," as he said. Indignant at the idea of such an abuse of authority, in the heat of the moment I struck him with my riding-whip across the head, and he rushed out into the highway; and I neither know nor care what the crowd did with him after that.

TEDDY. Fakes, me honey, ye did well, and if ye'd needed any help ye'd have had it; so ye wud.

DUKE. And now he plays upon your feelings by saying he desisted

from returning the blow for your sake. Permit me to say, that the man who is base enough to lift his hand against an aged, feeble woman, is too much of a coward to face one of his own sex.

SQUIRE. Stop, sir,—I haven't finished with you yet. Where did you get the money with which you paid the woman's rent?

DUKE. Out of my private allowance, sir.

SQUIRE. So, you take *my* money out of one pocket and put it into the other.

DUKE. Father, do you mean to insinuate that I'm a pauper?

SQUIRE. Just as you please. But we'll see about that by and by. Answer me this, sir, have you so far forgotten your dignity, your honor and your family, as to engage yourself in marriage to Mary, the daughter of Patrick O'Connor.

DUKE. I neither forgot my dignity, my honor nor my family; nevertheless I *am* engaged to her.

SQUIRE. What! to that low-bred farmer's daughter, a member of a family without position, title, or wealth?

DUKE. Father, you forget that the O'Connors are the legitimate titled family of Ireland; they ruled the land when your countrymen invaded it, and stole it, with its riches, from them. Six hundred years of oppression and repression have done their work among this people, and have robbed them of all their worldly wealth and honors, but they have failed to rob them of their faith; they have not extinguished the fiery valor of Ireland's sons or once purchased the dishonor of her daughters.

TEDDY. Och! an' it's mesilf that'll swear to that.

DUKE. In the face of this devotion to faith, this patriotic valor, this love of home and kindred, this virtuous rectitude, I am proud to lift my head and say that I *am* the betrothed of one of Ireland's daughters, the fairest lily in all Killarney.

SQUIRE. Enough, sir. I disown you and yours forever.

DUKE. Father!——

SQUIRE. I have spoken.

DUKE. Then I accept it with becoming respect. Farewell, father; farewell, my home and the scenes familiar to me from early childhood; farewell, my country; may Heaven bless and protect you. Come, Teddy, let us cross the ocean and seek our fortunes in the western world, the home of liberty.

Enter MAJOR, C.; *stands in doorway.*

But first I must see Major Lookout, and ask him to protect Mary O'Connor during my absence, as I protected him last night. I believe he is an honest fellow.

MAJ. (*comes forward*). Egad! that he is. Give us your hand, my boy. (*shake*) And while it is clasped in mine, I promise you that the blasted fellow who touches your sweetheart has to play a better card than my five fingers, be Jove.

DUKE. Thanks, thanks! Farewell again, father, for such I may still call you. I regret to leave you in your old age, in the hands of a designing villain.

ALPHON. That whole story is one base fabrication. It's false from end to end.

DUKE. Is it?

ALPHON. Yes, it's a lie!

DUKE. Then I throw back the lie into the teeth of the liar. (*slaps him in the face with his driving gloves.*)

TEDDY. True for you, my honey, God bless you.

Tableau.

SQUIRE.		MAJOR.
ALPHONSUS.	DUKE.	TEDDY.

CURTAIN.

END OF PROLOGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Killarney Heights, by moonlight, showing front of Hilton Mansion* R. 2 *and* 3 E. *Stone wall running across rear of stage; gate in centre. Music, "Harvey Duff."* DICK HARVEY *discovered trying to open gate from outside,* ALPHONSUS *comes out from house and admits* HARVEY.

ALPHON. Ah! my worthy friend, you're in good time; have you got the men all ready?

DICK. Yes, your worship, I have. As soon as I whistle, they'll come up; they're just enjoying a smoke down by the river; and a bad set of blackguards they are.

ALPHON. On that subject, we'll not pass many remarks; it sounds a little like "the pot calling the kettle black." I haven't yet told you of my plans, so I'll now give you all the particulars, to avoid any misunderstanding between us. You remember about five years ago, I worked the old Squire up and got him to disown his son? Well, the scape-grace in company with his servant, Teddy O'Neil, cleared off to America, I believe, much to my gratification——

DICK. And mine too.

ALPHON. My object in getting him out of the way, was to enable me to marry Mary O'Connor; and I would have done it long since, had it not been for Major Lookout, who always happened to step in when he was not wanted. It makes me swear, at times; I do believe he lives around O'Connor's hut, he is there more than he is at the barracks.—Well, when the "Duke" was safely out of the way, I cajoled the old squire into making a will, giving all he owned to me. That document I have here in my breast-pocket. But lately the old fool seems to regard me with aversion or distrust, and I fear that if the "Duke" should "turn up" here again, I should not only fail to get the girl, but the fortune which is within my grasp. Now, what I propose to do, with your valuable assistance, is this. To-night we'll drug the old man, carry him down to the coast, and there among the rocky cliffs, await the coming of the French cutter, by which I will ship him to Normandy, and there place him in a lunatic asylum. If he should get too unruly on the passage, we'll drop him.

DICK. Yes, yes, I understand. But what's to be my share of the profits?

ALPHON. One quarter.

DICK. 'Twont do. If your neck is worth *three* quarters, mine is worth as much.

ALPHON. If you don't care to do it for that, you needn't do it at all.

DICK. All right, boss; then I'll go and blow——

ALPHON. Look here! (*draws dagger*) Any more of that kind of talk, and I'll put this dagger into your heart.

DICK (*drawing revolver*). Any more of that and I'll put a bullet from this through you.

ALPHON. (*puts up dagger*). Ha! ha! my dear fellow, I was only joking.

DICK. So was I, boss. (*puts up revolver.*)

ALPHON. We'll make a square divy; you shall have half.

DICK. That's all right, boss, that's all right.

ALPHON. Then let us get to work. I'll go into the house and fix the old fellow; you call the men and follow me. (*goes into house.*)

DICK. When this job is finished, I reckon there will be more than a half in it for me. (*goes to gate, and whistles.*)

Enter CAPT. DE BALZAC, ANDY, TOM, *and* JOE.

Stay here, boys, and we'll bring the merchandise out to you. (DICK *goes into house.*)

CAPT. Zis vare fine place, Ande. Splendide view ze lake.

ANDY. O, yes; this is the celebrated "Heights of Killarney."

JOE. I say, Cap'n, is there much gold in this racket?

CAPT. My boy, zere be vone hundred florin down; zere be vone two hundred florin ven ze job be fineeshed.

TOM. That's a square count for three hundred, Captain, and a good drunk, I suppose.

CAPT. Yez, yez, ze good drunk, ze choice viskey, ze superfine vine—ha, ha,—ze good drunk—ze lots o' fun, ha, ha, ha! (ALPHONSUS *and* DICK *come from house, carrying between them the* SQUIRE, *who appears unconscious, but groans, and mutters,* "My poor boy, my poor boy—Duke, Duke." *Soft music.*)

ALPHON. Quickly now, my lads, and in good style, everything depends on you. (*men take the* SQUIRE *and go off, out gate* C., ALPHONSUS *locks gate after them, and turns to audience*) Aha! now indeed the Hilton mansion, with all its wealth and beauty, is mine, and Mary O'Connor soon shall be its mistress. My plans have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. If I only had "Duke" Hilton lying dead at my feet, my revenge would be complete. (*draws dagger*) I would drive this again and again into his lifeless body, and from the bottom of my heart exclaim with the hunchbacked Richard, "and if there be yet one drop of life remaining, down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither."

Picture.

Scene changes, by running out flat behind Tormentor wings, or 1*st grooves, to*

SCENE II.—*A country road. Music, "Billy O'Rourke's me Bouchel."*

Enter TEDDY, L.

TEDDY. Well, now, who the divil wud think it? Here you are again, Teddy O'Neil, afther a five years sojourn in that counthry of wonders, Ameriky, standin' on yer own blessid fate, on yer own swate dew-drop of the ocean. Sure an' ye're in another wurruld altogither; ye've lift behind ye all the haythins an' black men, all the Turks an' Germans, Italians an' Dutchmen, all the Arabs an' Chineymen, an' I don't know what, thim that's away out in the western part of that western wurruld, they calls it Californy. Och, but that's the place where ye'll see life in all its smartness an' all its laziness, an' all its conundrums; 'pon me word they've the greatest monsthrosities alive in that country. Sure "Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth" is nothing to it, but it takes a pile of ganius to understhand it all;—they have the "noble red man," an' the "Injun," an' the "redskin" an' the ab-or-ridge-i-igan-ese; now who the divil could tell the difference betune thim? I'm mighty sure I cudn't. Why, one o' thim wud shoot yer as quick an' as asy as another, an' have the hair off yer head in a jiffy. They'd stale yer pony from undher yer, an' och, the omadhauns, if wan of thim iver got a snuff of yer whiskey bottle, ye might die wid hunger an' thirst, for to save yer life ye'd niver get the first drap of it, not so much as wud cover the head of a pin. Och! the mudherin' spalpeens, bad 'cess to thim. But this won't do, Teddy, me boy; the Duke'll be here shortly, an' ye promised to go home an' dress yerself in yer own ould suit an' be back here to say "Cead Mille Failthe" to him whin he comes. These lah-de-dah, New York, Wall strate, Jay Goold, Vandherbilt, Jacob Asthor styles don't look well on the ould turf. Here goes for a run, thin. (*starts a song and exit* R.)

Enter ALPHONSUS, R.

ALPHON. (*looking off after* TEDDY). Who the mischief is that fellow, running off at such a rate? His face strikes me as one that I've seen before, and I'd give something to know who he is. He is Irish, beyond a doubt, but his clothes are of the American style. Who can it be? Let me see. (*muses*) Surely it cannot be Teddy O'Neil. No, it is not him; he would not come without the "Duke," and I think it will be a long time before that lively youth again shows his face in Killarney.

Enter DICK, L.

DICK. Have you heard the news?

ALPHON. What news?

DICK. Not very cheerful news for you. "Duke" Hilton arrived home a few hours ago, and is now standing in the doorway of Patrick O'Connor's hut.

ALPHON. Curse him! why did he come just at this time? Did you find out where he is going?

DICK. Only that he will pass here in a few minutes, on his way to see (as he thinks) his father, whom he is not likely to see.

ALPHON. (*meditating*). Good! I have it! Dick, take this; (*hands him a sealed packet*) it is his father's will. Go down to O'Connor's, watch your chance, and slip it in among his luggage, in some of his clothing, if possible. I'll go at once to the mansion, calling, on my

way, for Major Lookout, and trust me for catching him in the nicest little trap he ever got into in all his life. He shall be arrested ; and his father's will, in my favor, found in his possession, will settle the guilt of his father's murder upon him, beyond all doubt, and my purpose will be fully served.

DICK. All right. I'll look out that our mutual interests are well protected. You can depend on me for executing this little job. I'm off at once. [*Exit*, L.

ALPHON. Yes, you are off, and my next little game will be to get you put where you will stay off, as you are already a nuisance, and may become a very troublesome one. [*Exit*, R.

Music, "Do they think of me at home?" Enter DUKE, L.

DUKE. Ah, there it stands, the home of my childhood, on the top of yonder hill, looking in the beautiful moonlight, like a crown upon the head of some potent autocrat. What happy visions of the past the sight brings back to me. I almost feel again the last embrace and kiss of my sainted mother. And my father—I wonder how he'll receive me. Will it be with open arms, or will he spurn me ? Perhaps I shouldn't go to see him until he had first sent for me—but I will. It shall never be said that, after years of absence, I stood within the shadow of my own home, and refused to go and pay my respects to my father. No, never. But I must hurry on if I would reach there before bedtime.

Enter TEDDY, R.

Hallo, Teddy, my lad, you're just in time. I was getting tired with waiting.

TEDDY. Thin why didn't ye sit down and rist yerself ?

DUKE. Look here, Teddy, I'm going up to the old mansion, and I want you to go down to O'Connor's and await my return. [*Exit*, R.

TEDDY. Yis, me boy, I'll go down to O'Connor's and wait for ye until doomsday if ye wish. Sure, ye're the best-hearted lad that iver stepped in two shoes. Ye made yer fortin in America, but ye didn't kape it all to yerself ; no ye didn't, me boy. Sure it's Teddy O'Neil that's beholden to ye for the lashins o' money that I brought back to the ould sod. Faith, I'd be able to buy out the whole O'Neil family althegither. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I. The* SQUIRE'S *hat lying near the fence*, L. C. ALPHONSUS *and* MAJOR, L., *discovered inspecting the place. Music. Lights down.*

MAJ. Dem strange ! dem strange case indeed. Egad ! have ye no idea who perpetrated this outrage ? Do none of the servants know anything about it ? Be Jove ! there must be a clue to this somewhere, eh ?

ALPHON. I know nothing about it. When I came to the house this evening I discovered that the squire was missing. I immediately roused the servants and instituted a search, and we have found no trace of him whatever.

MAJ. A slick job, ye know.

ALPHON. Before I called you, my friend and assistant, Richard Harvey, informed me that he accidentally came upon two strangers by the road-side, and overheard them talking about it. Their intention

seemed to be, to come here to-night, but whether for purposes of robbery or not, he could not gather from their remarks.

MAJ, Dem it, that looks suspicious.

ALPHON. I immediately started back here, calling on my way for you. But I expected you to bring some of your men with you.

MAJ. The devil ye did! You're always expecting me to do something.

ALPHON. Which you never do

MAJ. Except when I'm not wanted to.

ALPHON. Suppose those fellows come here, what's to be done?

MAJ. Ah! no hypothetical cases. When those blasted fellows come, we'll attend to them, ye know.

ALPHON. (*picks up hat*). What's this?

MAJ. Egad, it's a hat.

ALPHON. But it's the Squire's.

MAJ. Haven't the least doubt of it it, ye know—saw it there a half hour since.

ALPHON. But here's blood on the ground.

MAJ. Yes; I was looking at that some time ago; ye'd better gather it up in a saucer. It's good for the liver complaint, ye know.

ALPHON. This joking of yours has gone far enough; I'll not stand it any longer. Remember, sir, that if the guilty parties are allowed to escape, I shall consider you responsible for it.

MAJ. Now, ye don't say so.

ALPHON. Sir, that is an insult.

MAJ. Now, ye don't say so.

ALPHON. I'll not stand it any longer.

MAJ. Well, if ye won't stand it, let it fall, ye know.

ALPHON. Sir, I demand satisfaction.

MAJ. Dem it—take it.

ALPHON. I'll have you dismissed from the army.

MAJ. Ye gods and little fishes!

ALPHON. I'll forward my complaint before I close my eyes this night.

MAJ. Ye daren't do it. If ye do, ye know, I'll tear your blasted character into such shreds, that 'twould never be patched together again in this world, ye know.

ALPHON. Help me to find the Squire, immediately.

MAJ. That sounds well; intimidation, be Jove. I say, if ye want the Squire, go and find him. (*aside*) He knows more about the Squire's whereabouts than anybody else, I'll wager,

ALPHON. (*aside*). It's impossible to do anything with this man. I think I'll try his little game on himself, and see how it will work. (*to* MAJOR) Major, you talk like a heavy-weight fighter.

MAJ. Do I, now? That's blasted strange, ye know.

ALPHON. Yes, you do. What did you weigh last, if it's a fair question?

MAJ. O, perfectly fair—a donkey.

ALPHON. A donkey! what do you mean?

MAJ. Yes; don't you remember, I weighed *you* not long since, in the village store.

ALPHON. Major Lookout! what do you take me to be?

MAJ. Well, ye know, the first time I saw ye, I took you to be an Irish land agent; the second time I took you to be a fool; when I saw a boy slap your face I took you to be a coward; and now I take you to be a dem'd scoundrel, be Jove.

ALPHON. Repeat those words and I'll take the last drop of your heart's blood.

MAJ. Now, the devil you will. I'm dem'd if I don't feel scared; but I stick to it, be Jove.

ALPHON. Sir! (*footsteps heard*) Hold, what sound is that?

MAJ. Footsteps, be Jove. (*they hide behind trees.*)

Enter DUKE, *at back; tries gate.*

DUKE. Hello! the gate locked? That isn't as it was in days gone by, when hospitality was the host that presided here. I wonder if that Belhaven hasn't turned the old place into a fortress, armed with Gatling guns, for the protection of his cowardly person. If father has any heart or eyes left, I imagine his reign will be of short duration, now. But I must get in some way, and over the wall seems the quickest way. (*jumps wall, looks at house and listens*) All seems dark. Can they already have sought their peaceful slumbers? Dear old mansion! what joyous recollections, what tender scenes come crowding on my mind; yet chastened with the bitterness of exile and the deep injustice of my father's treatment. (*moves toward house.* ALPHON. *and* MAJOR *rush out and seize him; he struggles, they bring him down on his knees*) What means this? who are you?

ALPHON. You'll find that out soon enough at the bar of justice.

DUKE. Belhaven! 'Tis his accursed voice I hear again.

MAJ. Just come along with me. I arrest you in the name of the Queen

Tableau.

ALPHONSUS. DUKE. MAJOR.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The interior of convict's cell in the Round Tower. Trap-door in middle of cell; grated door at back,* c. DUKE *discovered stretched on bench, hand-cuffed. Music.*

DUKE (*rising to sitting posture*). Strange, strange, that on the eve of my arrival, almost at the threshold of my home, I should be arrested, put in irons, and thrown into prison—an innocent man. From the little that I can gather from my jailer, my father is missing, supposed to have been murdered; and I—*I*, who would have given my life for him—am accused of his murder. Oh, God! to think of it, my brain reels, and reason seems to desert me. I am powerless to solve this mystery, or to vindicate myself. Oh, if I were only free, that I might find my father. I cannot think of him as dead—I cannot, *cannot*. What shall I, what can I do? (*reflects*) I must be calm, and patiently abide my time. Can all this be the result of the deep-laid plans of a designing villain? (*reflects*) Has Belhaven, that snake in the grass, caused the abduction or murder of my father, with the

intent to get his estate? Ah, I see it all. I see my poor old father dragged senseless from his home by hired villains, the tools of that base man, carried from his country, or may be, sinking to the ground beneath the assassin's steel; the next step, to fasten the guilt of his taking off on me; my father's attitude towards me, and my unexpected return, the pretext; and then gain possession of the manor;—I see it all; the people persecuted and oppressed by that unfeeling scoundrel—I hear their cries for mercy, and their muttered threats of vengeance—I see (*starts to his feet*) Mary O'Connor—my Mary—in the clutches of——Great God! it makes me desperate. My will would rend these iron chains as glass, and break through these iron bars and hard stone walls as if they were paper—but I am powerless. Oh, why did I come back, to bring all this upon myself? (*sinks down on bench again in attitude of despair*) I cannot, for the life of me, tell what brought me home.

Enter TEDDY, *door*, C.

TEDDY. I can; sure an' it was the sthamer.

DUKE. Ah, Teddy, my friend, God bless you; it isn't that I mean. It's the—the—the matter.

TEDDY. Oh, it's that, thin, ye mane. Well, it was a matther of tin pound, nine an' sixpence, barrin' extras, for each of us.

DUKE. No, no, Teddy; it's the inducement.

TEDDY. The injucement? Now, sure, ye know well enough it was Mary O'Connor's golden hair, an' sparklin' eyes, an' rosy cheeks, an' lips that taste loike honey. Injucement, is it? Begorra, only for her, Teddy O'Neil niver would have got back to the ould sod to die. But how long are ye goin' to sthay here, annyway?

DUKE. Until they let me go, I suppose. (*rises.*)

TEDDY (*cautiously*). No ye wont, honey. (*turns to go*) I'll be back ag'in shortly. (*aside*) I guess we'll buy passage tickets for New York, an' git out o' the loikes o' this. I'm dyin' to see me little blue-eyed Molly ag'in. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Ah, my kind-hearted, faithful Teddy, type of a whole-souled race, whom a liberal, just and fair treatment on the part of England would convert from a nation of malcontents into most loyal citizens. (*noise at cell door*) Ah, more visitors. (*sits down.*)

Enter ALPHONSUS.

ALPHON. Mr. Marmaduke Hilton, I hope you are enjoying your new residence and cheerful prospects.

DUKE. Mr. Belhaven, (*sarcastically*) I'm exceedingly obliged for your kindness in calling to see me.

ALPHON. Oh, it won't be my last call; I'm so fond of you I shall come again.

DUKE. Then it will not be with my permission.

ALPHON. You needn't get angry about it; as I have an official permit I can come as often as I please.

DUKE. As I have the use of my limbs I can walk to that door and prevent your entrance to my apartment.

ALPHON. You forget, young man, the bracelets that decorate your wrists, and render your hands powerless.

DUKE (*springing to his feet*). Do you forget that your hands are stained with *blood?*

ALPHON. Nonsense; we won't waste precious moments with idle words ; my time is valuable, and my room——

DUKE. Would be a great deal more agreeable than your company.

ALPHON. I was going to say, was filled, when I left it, with persons waiting renewals of their leases. Among them I noticed Patrick O'Connor,

DUKE (*aside*). Merciful Heavens !

ALPHON. And I called, to inform you that I should give him a new lease without charge——

DUKE (*aside*). What has come over him?

ALPHON. Since his fair daughter has consented to be my wife.

DUKE. That, sir, is a lie—an infamous lie.

ALPHON. Have it as you please; she'll be my wife or mistress, one or the other.

DUKE. Scoundrel! (*seizes him by the throat ; they struggle and fall,* DUKE *underneath ;* ALPHONSUS *draws dagger and holds it up.*)

Enter TEDDY, C.

ALPHON. Now, fool, for a finishing touch!

TEDDY (*strikes dagger from his hand*). The divil run away wid ye, is that your little game? I'll settle ye. (ALPHONSUS *jumps up and* DUKE *rises.* TEDDY *squares off at* ALPHONSUS) Come on, now ye murdherin spalpeen, an' get a touch av Limerick. (ALPHONSUS *picks up dagger and exit*) Och! the blackgyard's gone, an' me itchin' to whip a landlord's agint. I cud pay the foine 'asy now ; it's not like the ould times wid me whin I'd have to lay it out in this musty hole.

DUKE. Yes, Teddy, you have lot of money now, but 'twould be a poor use of it to spend it on such as him ; you'd better buy a tract of land, and then go and live on the continent ; you'd be as much of an aristocrat as any of them; appoint a fellow like Belhaven your agent, and be in truth and reality an "abstintee" landlord. But enough of this—you have saved my life, my good fellow ; how can I ever thank you for the service you have just rendered me?

TEDDY. By jist sittin' down there and listenin' to me. (*they sit*) Let me see thim wristbands of yours. (*examines them*) Yis, foine, illegant, sthrong things they are to be sure, but I think I have a little kay thot will fit thim betther nor your hands do.

DUKE. But what do you mean to do?

TEDDY. Niver you mind. You're thankin' me for savin' yer life?

DUKE. Yes, yes.

TEDDY. Look here, Misther Duke, (*cautiously*) do you see these lines on the flure? They're pretty hard to notice, but I was in here wunst for punchin' a land agent's head, an' my pryin' eyes deticted thim. Well, that's a sacret interance from the lower tower, down by the river. I'm goin' down there, below, an' whin you hear a knock beneath that flure, ye want to be ready to come along wid me, an' no delay ; d'ye hear? A boat'll be in waitin' to take us across the river, an' thin we'll make for the mountains or the say coast.

DUKE. But I won't do that, Teddy ; that's defying the law.

TEDDY. Sure, now, the law has little respict for ye, an' how can ye have respict for the law. It's not justice ye'll get in these coorts, so take my advice and luk out for yersilf.

DUKE. No, Teddy, I won't do it.

TEDDY. Now the divil ye won't. Think of yer Mary, swate wild

rose of the mountain. Mightn't Belhaven stale her away, an' she be missin', loike yer father, for I believe that Belhaven knows all about him.

DUKE. Yes—yes—ah, Teddy, you tempt me sorely.

TEDDY. 'Pon me wurrud, I'm not timptin' ye. Think of your poor old father that might this blessid minute be prayin' the Lord to sind ye to help him—drame on thim things, me darlin', and thin say ye'll refuse to take the chance that's offered ye. (*both rise.*)

DUKE (*pacing up and down cell*). Myself—will I go for my own sake ?—no, dear as freedom is to every man, I will not act the coward. Mary O'Connor—will I go for her sake ? No, not for all my love ; I'll smother that for the present. Heaven protected her for the past five years, and I'll trust it still, and obey the law. But, my father ! he is in distress, in danger, he needs me ; shall I go, a fugitive from justice, or stay and trust kind Heaven for my vindication ? 'Tis a hard struggle ; my pride, my sense of rectitude, tell me to stay. Love and filial affection, my father's danger, prompt me to go—yes, I will go, even should it be construed against me. Go, Teddy, prepare the way, and may God bless you.

TEDDY. Amin! I'm off thin, me honey. [*Exit.*

DUKE. What a world of goodness is hidden under that rough exterior. God bless him! I wish there were more like him in this world, 'twould be a better world. No sacrifice which he can make for my sake will be wanting. (*sits.*)

Enter ALPHONSUS, C.

ALPHON. I'm here again, young man.

DUKE. Yes, I'm not *blind ;* I can *see,* still.

ALPHON. And I've come to finish up that little affair. (*draws dagger.*)

DUKE (*jumping to his feet*). What ! villain, would you attack me, in my defenceless condition, with a dagger ?

ALPHON. Yes, its keen edge will quickly cut the thread which binds you to life, and rid me of your hated presence. Quick ! prepare yourself !

DUKE. Free my hands, and I fear not you or your weapon.

ALPHON. Had I the power, I would not unloosen them. I propose to take advantage of an opportunity for which I have long waited.

DUKE. Coward!

ALPHON. You'll never repeat that word.

DUKE. Yes, with my dying breath. (ALPHONSUS *rushes at him.* DUKE *seizes his arm, they struggle.*)

Enter MAJOR, C.

MAJ. (*presenting revolver*). Hold ! what means this ? down with that dagger, sir.

Picture.

ALPHON. (*rising, and putting up dagger*). What means this intrusion ?

MAJ. (*putting up revolver*). What means this cowardly act ?

ALPHON. It means that I would avenge an insult.

MAJ. It's not the first time you've been insulted, but, be Jove, it's the first time I ever knew you to resent it.

ALPHON. Sir ! this is unbearable.

MAJ. If you are so anxious to avenge your wounded honor, fight with me, don't attack a helpless man. If you want provocation, I'll just slap your mouth for you, ye know.

ALPHON. You and I will meet again.

MAJ. I'll be blasted sorry if we do, ye know. What authority have you for being here.

ALPHON. The passport of the magistrate.

MAJ. Let me see it. As commanding officer of this department I demand it.

ALPHON. (*handing it*). There it is.

MAJ. Yes, be Jove, there it is. (*tears it up.*)

ALPHON. I shall lay this outrage before the Lord Lieutenant, at once.

MAJ. Yes, do, do tell him the whole story, ye know.

ALPHON. You'll see and hear from me again. [*Exit,* c.

DUKE. Major, I have no words strong enough to thank you. You saved my life.

MAJ. Oh, that's all right, ye know. It's my luck always to step in just in time to interfere with that fellow's designs.

DUKE. My father, Major, what of him, is there any tidings ?

MAJ. Nothing as yet, my lad. I assisted in the search, but could get no trace whatever.

DUKE. My poor, poor father, and I am powerless to aid in the search, to help to solve the mystery. Tell me, Major, for what am I held ? as yet I only have an inkling of the charge against me.

MAJ. For your father's murder, the warrant says ; it was sworn out by Belhaven, ye know. Really, Duke, I didn't know you when I seized you last night ; if I had known you, I shouldn't have done it ; 'pon my word——

DUKE. Murder ! my father's murder ! A fratricide! Great God— But what proof have they against me—why am I suspected?

MAJ. Well, you see, the facts that he disowned you, that you returned home just at the time of his disappearance, excited suspicion, and then one Richard Harvey claims to have overheard some conversation between yourself and some stranger, about the matter ; then you were caught examining the premises in the night time, and worst of all, your father's will in favor of Belhaven was found in your baggage at O'Connor's house——

DUKE. 'Tis false! I never knew of the existence of such a document. It is an infamous conspiracy ! I am innocent, God knows I am innocent.

MAJ. Egad, I believe you, my boy ; the case has a bad look, but I believe you.

DUKE. Thank you, Major, thank you.

MAJ. All that I can do in your favor shall be done. There's no knowing when you will be tried. The Coercion Act is in force, and the Courts are full, ye know, and your case may not be reached for a year.

DUKE. Heavens ! But, Major, what do the people say about this?

MAJ. They don't believe that you are guilty, but I have trouble to get them to join in the search. They feel little interest in your father's fate and say that Belhaven can't be any worse than he has been; and then they say that if you did have anything to do with it,

they are not going to help on any investigation which will make trouble for you, ye know.

DUKE. My poor countrymen; how they must have suffered; how can I blame them; their finer sensibilities are all blunted by the wrong and oppression that has been inflicted on them.

MAJ. Well, good bye, my boy; you may depend upon my doing all that can be done to prove your innocence and bring the guilty to justice; and if at any time you want me, just send word, ye know. (*turns to go.*)

DUKE. One word more, Major.

MAJ. A dozen of them, if you will.

DUKE. Should anything happen to me, I want you to look after Mary O'Connor, and see that no harm comes to her. Will you do this, or is it asking too much of you?

MAJ. Yes, yes—of course I will. Be Jove, if anything should happen to you, I'd marry her myself, if she'd have me, for she's the prettiest girl I ever laid eyes on.

DUKE. Thank you, Major, thank you. Good bye. (*they shake hands.*)

MAJ. Good bye. [*Exit,* C.

DUKE. Murder—murder—they can't convict me of that until they find the body, and——(*three taps heard on floor under stage*) Ah! there's Teddy. (*trap door rises and* TEDDY'S *head and shoulders are seen;* DUKE *starts to go down.*

ALPHONSUS *enters* C., *with cocked revolver in hand, fires at* DUKE, *who drops out of sight, trap closes.*

ALPHON. I've fixed you at last. [*Exit,* C.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Friar's Glen. Water scene on flat, with picture of French Cutter, lying off on horizon. Rocks, high at both ends, extending across stage from* R. U. E. *to* L. U. E. *Rock and wood wings. Hanging pot, with remains of fire,* R. 3 E. ANDY, TOM *and* JOE *seated on kegs, around a box,* L. C., *playing cards. Slow music.*

ANDY. Look out for the money, Tom; are there three shillings there? It's my deal.

JOE. Deal away, my covey.

TOM. Give me the best hand out, for looking after the stakes. (*all take cards at conclusion of deal, and commence play.*)

JOE. I say, boys, Belhaven is mad enough about the old man's escape.

TOM. Why shouldn't he be? I'm nearly as mad as he is. This

job is keeping us stuck up here among the rocks, and the longer we are here the greater are the chances of our being nabbed.

TEDDY *enters along rocks,* L. U. E., *and looks down at them.*

ANDY. Nonsense! Nobody could find us up here. I'll bet that no land lubber ever was here until we brought that gray-headed old fool here. There's only one way of getting here, and unless you come that way, there's no chance of finding the place. I'll bet a five-pound note that no one but those interested in our transactions knows of that hidden cave under the shore. (TEDDY *shakes fist at them and exit,* L. U. E. *Play continues.*)

JOE. Shiver my timbers, if that isn't mine. (*draws in the cards.*)

Enter ALPHONSUS, *dragging in* SQUIRE, R. 1 E.

ALPHON. Here, my lads; here he is again. Take good care of him this time, and don't give him another chance to escape.

ALL. All right, your honor. (*they jump to their feet.* TOM *and* JOE *collar the* SQUIRE, *who struggles*)

SQUIRE. Hands off! I'm an old man, but I'll sell my life dearly.

ANDY. We're not buying at present.

ALPHON. You've missed it this time, Squire; admit your defeat, and make the best of your situation.

SQUIRE. Villain! your lying and treachery have brought me where I am. May Heaven forgive me for listening to you, and believing you, against the word of my own son.

ALPHON. Luckily I am his master, as well as yours. I have disposed of him.

SQUIRE. If he were here you would not dare to face him, coward and villain that you are.

ALPHON. Never mind, old fellow; he wont give me much trouble for some time to come. (*to* TOM *and others*) Boys, take him to the cave with the iron door, lock him in securely, and block the entrance. (TOM *and* JOE *lead* SQUIRE *off,* L. 3 E.) When did the cutter arrive?

ANDY. Last night, your honor.

ALPHON. What has she on board?

ANDY. General cargo; from Galway for Bordeaux.

ALPHON. When does she sail?

ANDY. About midnight, I think.

ALPHON. Then I'll be back to see her off. Where is Captain De Balzac?

ANDY. He has been gone about an hour. I expect him back every moment.

ALPHON. When he comes, tell him not to transfer our passenger until he hears from me.

ANDY. All right, your honor, all right. [*Exit* ALPHONSUS, R. 1 E. I'll go and see if the boys are fixing things as they should.

[*Exit* ANDY, L. 3 E.

Enter MAJOR, R. 3 E.

MAJ. Egad, this looks like mischief. I think I've found a clue to something. I'll just hang round here awhile and see what I can find out. A smuggler's rendezvous! I wonder how many of the rascals there are here.

Enter DICK, L. 1 E.

DICK. One too many for you.

MAJ. Now, you don't say so.

DICK. How did you get here ?

MAJ. I, I walked, be Jove.

DICK. Well, what brought you here ?

MAJ. My legs, to be sure.

DICK. Oh, yes ; but for what purpose ?

MAJ. Oh, just to pay you a visit, and invite you to go back with me, ye know.

DICK. Well, I wont, and I'll just put a steel toothpick into you and throw you over these cliffs into the sea.

MAJ. No ye wont, ye devilish scoundrel.

DICK. I'll fix you for those words. (*pulls out knife and rushes at* MAJOR, *who seizes him by the wrist, and twists it until he drops knife and comes down on his knees, groaning with pain.* MAJOR *with other hand takes handcuffs from his pocket and slips them on him.*)

MAJ. Now, ye villain, I'll fix *you*, be Jove. It was your false evidence that sent the three Duffy boys into penal servitude ; it was you that drove others into exile, and you are connected with this thieving, smuggling gang, and now I've got you, and the evidence that'll send you to Australia, ye know.

DICK (*still on knees*). Major, Major, have pity ; I meant no harm ; have mercy on a brother Englishman. (*weeps.*)

MAJ. Weep, weep ; it is your turn now ; your tears may flood your recollection and bring up the memory of all the evil you have done in the past. Your tears will be a fit offering to the widows and orphans whose tears you have made to flow ; they are a slight interest for you to pay for the broken hearts, and crushed ambitions, and ruined hearthstones of the innocent victims of devilish schemes contrived by others and carried out by you. Cry your eyes out, for rage and shame. Such as you disgrace the name of Englishman.

DICK. Major, Major, have mercy.

MAJ. Shut up, you coward. I'll have no more of your whining. Stand up. (MAJOR *whistles.*)

Enter SERGEANT, R. 3 E.

Here, Sergeant, take this fellow to the barracks, and put him in irons. Let no one have any intercourse with him.

SERG. (*to* DICK). Come, sir. [*Exeunt* SERGEANT *and* DICK, R. 3 E.

MAJ. That's one pretty good catch ; now I'll just hide among the rocks and wait for another, be Jove. (*hides behind rocks* R. U. E.)

Enter ANDY, TOM *and* JOE, L. 3 E.

JOE. Come along, boys, let's finish the game. (*all sit.*)

TOM. Let's see, I was thirty ; Joe, twenty ; and you, Andy, were ten. (*all take cards and commence play.*)

ANDY. It didn't take that chap long to nab the old cove, did it ?

TOM. You just bet your life it didn't.

Enter L. 1 E , CAPT. DE BALZAC, *followed by* TEDDY *disguised as an old woman, and carrying a basket with bottles of whiskey and short sticks.*

CAPT. Zis way, zis way, quick.

TEDDY. Och, but yer honor walks so fast it's hard wurruk for an ould woman to kape up wid ye.

ANDY. What kind of a craft have you there, Captain ?

CAPT. Ze old voman lose ze road ; got some vare fine viskey, ze old lady have.

ALL (*jumping up*). Hurra ! she's the build for us.

TEDDY. Och, thin, it's the foinest yer honors iver tasted. (*shows bottles*) Some of me ould man's own make, in his own purty little still upon the mountain side. (MAJOR *looks out and recognizes* TEDDY, *but is not seen by him.*) (*To* CAPTAIN) Will yer thry a little sup, yer honor ?

CAPT. Give ze boys a drink.

ANDY. Yes, old catamaran, pass it out.

TEDDY. Is it that ye'd be callin' me, an ould man catcher, ye ugly lookin', fiddlebacked gin swiller ? Have ye no manners, at all at all ?

JOE. Come, my dear old lady, give us a taste of yer honey-dew.

TEDDY. Faix, I want none of yer blarney, yer sickly lookin' spalpeen.

TOM. Come, mother, let us have a smack at one of those bottles. (*tries to take one from basket.*)

TEDDY. Get out wid ye, ye blackguard ; wud ye be robbin' a poor ould lady ? (*seizes stick to strike him.*)

CAPT. Ah, ze funny old voman. Let ze boys have ze viskey, I give ze silvair, ze money.

TEDDY. All right, yer honor, for yer purty sake I'll do that same ; sure yer as good an angel, an' ye're so good lookin', an' nate loike an' clever, that if me ould man was only out of me way I'd be settin' me cap for ye intirely. (ANDY, TOM *and* JOE *laugh.*)

CAPT. Sacré ! only leesten to zat.

TEDDY. Well thin, gintlemen, here's to you ; (*hands out a bottle*) some of the foinest in the wurruld ; sure, it'll not fail to make you happy. (ANDY *takes bottle and all drink from it, in turn, except* CAPTAIN. TEDDY *offering second bottle to* CAPTAIN) Plaze, yer honor, take a sup ; it's illegant.

CAPT. Ah, I nevair drink ze viskey. I drink ze vine.

TEDDY. I'm sorry I have none for ye, but sure it can't be betther nor this ; try a drap, yer honor, it'll do your heart good, an' it'll slip down yer throat like ile. (ANDY *and the others recline against rocks,* R. U. E., *and continue to drink in turn*) It's this that puts the strength into us poor hard-worked crathers ; it's good an' strong.

CAPT. I hear zat ze Irish viskey vas strong, like ze London gin.

TEDDY. Sure, London gin is poor sthuff beside this, yer honor; all that iver I tasted was little betther nor bog wather ; but thin I niver was in London, mesilf ; I suppose yer honor's been there oftin.

CAPT. *Oui, oui,* I vas.

TEDDY. It's a wonderful big place I hear. I suppose yer honor seen the Queen; an' the parlymint, bad cess to 'em.

CAPT. Oui, yez, yez.

TEDDY *aside*). How the divil will I get him out of the way, I wonder.

CAPT. Sapriste ! look at ze boys. (ANDY *and the others seem almost overcome with sleep.*)

TEDDY. Sure, they're havin' a foine time; they'll soon be dhramin' of the gurruls they'll lave behind thim.

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha ! ze funny old voman.

TEDDY (*still retaining hold of stick*). Was yer honor iver at a Tipperary dance ?

CAPT. No, nevair vas.

TEDDY (*aside*). No more was I. (*to* CAPTAIN) Ah, that's what yer honor shud see. Och, me, the rows an' the ructions, an' the fun goin' on, bates all. Sure, I moind av wan not long sinst, where I got into a bit of a scrimmage wid Paddy Murphy's wife, an' she a great big six-footer, wid hands an' shouldhers on her like the Galway giant, an' the two eyes av her each lookin' different ways for Sunday (that's becase she was born in the middle of the week). Well, just as we was lavin', she says to me, says she, "Ye sthole my bonnet, Mrs. Mulcahey;" that's me name, Mulcahey, yer honor. "I didn't," says I. "Sure an' ye did," says she. "That's not true for you, Mrs. Murphy," says I. "That's a lie for you, Mrs. Mulcahey," says she, an wid that I pulled out me little sthick, an' I steps up to her, like this, yer honor, (*suits action to word*) an' I luked her in the two eyes, an' I lifted me little stick above me head, an' says I, "Take that, you impudent hussy." (*strikes* CAPTAIN *a blow on the head, he falls senseless. During the foregoing recital the* CAPTAIN *seems pleased and laughs loudly occasionally*) There, Frinchy, that settles you, an' now I'll fix the rest of these divils. (*cuts up rope and ties the hands of* ANDY *and the others, who appear to be in a drunken sleep; returning back to* CAPTAIN *ties him hand and foot; while he does this, he hums a song*) There, I have ye all safe. Now to look for the ould Squire. [*Exit*, L. 3 E.

MAJ. Be Jove, Teddy, my lad, that was cleverly done. But the chief villain hasn't come in yet; I'll lie and wait for him, ye know.

Enter DUKE, R. 2 E.

DUKE. Ha! villains, I've struck your trail at last! (*sees that all are tied and apparently insensible*) What! all prisoners already. Some one has been before me; I don't remember having seen any of these faces before; but the villainy is traced here, and here must be the clue to my father's whereabouts.

Enter ALPHONSUS, R. 1 E., *sees* DUKE, *and draws revolver.*

I'll see to what it will lead. (*goes toward* L. 1 E.)

ALPHON. Stop! young man. (*covers him with revolver.* DUKE *at first sound of his voice draws revolver, turns quickly and confronts him.*)

DUKE. Ah! evil genius of my life, are you here?

ALPHON. Yes, and what do you intend to do about it? (MAJOR *looks from behind his hiding place, revolver in hand, watching both.*)

DUKE. For once I can meet you on even terms, and settle the old score. I am not now a manacled prisoner; you cannot take a cowardly advantage of me now as you did in the prison; no doubt you would have made the most of your advantage of having your revolver in your hand, but I was too quick for you. Fire now, coward, if you dare to. (*they aim at each other.* ALPHONSUS *snaps pistol which misses fire, he drops revolver.*)

DUKE (*puts up revolver*). I scorn to take any advantage of even a reptile like you. Take your life and go; I will not jeopardize my own life by taking yours, (*crosses to* R. *to* ALPHONSUS) but remember, villain, that if you ever cross my path again, I'll shoot you down with as little scruple as I would a mad dog. Get out of my sight! you miserable viper, lest I be yet tempted to take your miserable life. (ALPHONSUS *goes toward* R. 2 E. DUKE *comes toward* L. 1 E. ALPHONSUS *turns, draws dagger and again sneaks toward* DUKE, *with dagger uplifted.* MAJOR *rises and fires, and* ALPHONSUS *staggers to* R. U. E. *and falls.* DUKE *draws revolver, turns quickly, and comprehends the situation.*)

DUKE. Major! again I owe my life to you. God bless you, my friend; how can I ever thank you enough? But how came you here? (*they come down stage.*)

MAJ. Be Jove, like yourself I came to see what I could find, and egad, I think we're found something.

Enter, L. 1 E., TEDDY, *having thrown off his disguise, followed by* SQUIRE.

TEDDY. Bedad, we're found iverything; here's the Squire.

DUKE (*with emotion*). Father!

SQUIRE. My son, my dear son! (*they embrace.*)

TEDDY (L.). Arrah! isn't that noice now, isn't that Irish? Faix, I feel like dancin' an Irish jig. Fol-de-rol-de-riddle. (*dances a few steps, his dancing rouses the* CAPTAIN, *who raises himself on his elbow and struggles to get free.*)

CAPT. Vare am I? vare is de old voman, ze old voman vat struck me? ze wretch; let me go, I say.

TEDDY. Bedad I'm the man, an' if yes don't kape still ye'll get a lick of this again. (*shows stick.*)

CAPT. (*calling*). Ande! vare am ze boys?

TEDDY. They're lyin' there, nice an' quiet, dhramin' of the gurruls they left behind thim.

CAPT. Zen, ze vas not an old voman, ze vas an impostor.

TEDDY. Yis, an Irish one. (ANDY *and the others show signs of life, and cry out to be released.*)

ANDY. Let me up! let me go!

MAJ. O yes, yes, I'll let you all go; I'll let you go to the barracks with me, as prisoners, ye know. Get up. (*all rise and stand,* MAJOR R., *revolver in hand, prisoners* L.)

SQUIRE. My dear boy, my dear boy, to you and your brave companions I owe my life; you have frustrated the plans of that black-hearted villain, Belhaven, and thank God it is yet in my power to in some degree repair the wrong I have done you. You were my only son and heir, and I sinned against you deeply; come back to my heart and home and take sole management of my estates.

DUKE. You wronged yourself more than me, father; I was hasty and impetuous; I, too, was wrong——

SQUIRE. No! no! you were more sinned against than sinning. My eyes have been opened to the injustice of my treatment, not only of you but of my tenants, and the rest of my life shall be devoted to repairing those wrongs. You shall manage everything, and your humane and generous treatment of my tenantry will make them love you, and, I trust, forgive your father.

DUKE. My dear father, the past shall be retrieved. Would that all who hold my country in thrall might, like you, come to see and acknowledge her wrongs, and accord her the rights for which she has so long waited. Then she could assume her proper position and sit a queen among the other nations, with just pride; and of her, too, it might be truly said, "She was more sinned against than sinning." (*Music, "Savourneen Deelish." Picture.*)

MAJOR. ANDY. TOM. SQUIRE. DUKE. CAPTAIN. JOE. TEDDY.

CURTAIN.

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52.	Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.	10	1
25.	Fellow that Looks Like Me, interlude, 1 scene	2	1
51.	Fisherman's Luck, 1 scene....	2	0
88.	First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act	4	1
106.	Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes	8	1
83.	German Emigrant (The), sketch 1 scene	2	2
77.	Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
17.	Ghost (The), sketch, 1 act....	2	0
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31.	Glycerine Oil, sketch.	3	0
20.	Going for the Cup, interlude..	4	0
82.	Good Night's Rest, 1 scene. ..	3	0
86.	Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	0
70.	Guide to the Stage, sketch....	3	0
61.	Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
23.	Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene	5	1
3.	Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
48.	High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene	6	0
68.	Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	0
71.	In and Out, sketch, 1 scene...	2	0
33.	Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1
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No.		M.	F.
103.	Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene	1	2
1.	Last of the Mohicans, sketch..	3	1
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37.	Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes....	3	2
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109.	Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes..	4	0
19.	Malicious Trespass, 1 scene....	3	0
96.	Midnight Intruder (The), farce, 1 scene	6	1
101.	Mollie Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1
8.	Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4	0
44.	Musical Servant, sketch, 1 sce.	3	0
49.	Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 scene	2	0
22.	Obeying Orders, sketch 1 scene	2	1
27.	One Hundredth Night of Hamlet, sketch	7	1
30.	One Night in a Barroom, sketch	7	0
76.	One, Two, Three, 1 scene	7	0
87.	Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene	2	1
9.	Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7	0
57.	Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 scenes	6	0
65.	Porter's Troubles, 1 scene	6	1
66.	Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2	1
91.	Painter's Apprentice (The), farce, 1 scene	5	0
92.	Polar Bear (The), 1 scene	4	1
14.	Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.	5	0
45.	Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 scene	6	0
105.	Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 scenes	4	2
55.	Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 scene	3	0
31.	Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
26.	Rival Tenants, sketch	4	0
15.	Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act..	2	1
59.	Sausage Makers, 2 scenes	5	1
80.	Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes	6	0
21.	Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes	6	3
84.	Serenade(The), sketch, 2 scenes	7	0
38.	Siamese Twins, 2 scenes	5	0
74.	Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3	0
46.	Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.	6	1
69.	Squire for a Day, sketch	5	1
56.	Stage-struck Couple, 1 scene..	2	1
72.	Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene... and 2 children.	1	2
7.	Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene	2	0
13.	Streets of New York, 1 scene.	6	0
16.	Storming the Fort, 1 scene....	5	0
47.	Take it, Don't Take It, 1 scene	2	0
54.	Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
100.	Three Chiefs (The), 2 scenes ..	6	0
102.	Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes.	3	1
34.	Three Strings to One Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
2.	Tricks, sketch	5	2
104.	Two Awfuls (The), 1 scene....	5	0
5.	Two Black Roses, sketch	4	1
28.	Uncle Eph's Dream, 2 scenes..	3	1
62.	Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
32.	Wake Up, William Henry....	3	0
39.	Wanted, a Nurse, 1 scene.....	4	0
75.	Weston the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene	7	1
93.	What Shall I Take? farce, 1 act	8	1
29.	Who Died First? 1 scene.....	3	1
67.	Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene.	4	0
99.	Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
85.	Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene.	3	0
112.	The Coming Man, sketch, 1 act	3	1
113.	Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7	0
114.	One Night in a Medical College, sketch, 1 scene	7	1
115.	Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene	5	1
116.	Zacharias' Funeral, farce 1 scene	5	0
117.	Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 scene		
118.	Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque	6	0
119.	My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 scene	6	1
120.	Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 3 scenes	3	1
121.	Stocks Up. Stocks Down! Negro farce, 1 scene	2	0
122.	Ticket Taker, Negro farce, 1 scene	2	0
123.	The Intelligence Office, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	1
124.	Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	0
125.	Oh, Hush! Negro Operatic Olio, 3 scenes	4	1
126.	Black Statue, Negro farce, 1 scene	4	2
127.	Blinks and Jinks Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	3	1

No.		M.	F.
144.	Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 5 acts.	12	3
34.	Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3	2
137.	L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11	5
111.	Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7	2
119.	Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.	14	5
165.	Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3	2
48.	Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2	4
32.	Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4	3
164.	Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6	6
109.	Locked In, comedietta, 1 act.	2	2
85.	Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1	1
87.	Locked Out, comic scene.	1	2
143.	Lodgers an' Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4	2
189.	Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1	1
163.	Marcoretti, drama, 3 acts.	10	3
154.	Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8	6
63.	Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5	3
39.	Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4	2
7.	Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.	5	3
49.	Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8	2
15.	Milky White, drama, 2 acts.	4	2
46.	Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5	2
51.	Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3	2
184.	Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17	3
108.	Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3	3
188.	Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3	3
169.	My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4	1
130.	My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3	1
92.	My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2	2
193.	My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act	1	1
140.	Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3	4
115.	New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	5
2.	Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8	3
57.	Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4	4
164.	No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7	5
112.	Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act	3	3
185.	Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14	3
84.	Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10	6
117.	Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5	4
171.	Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	2	1
14.	No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue	13	6
173.	Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3	3
176.	On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1	2
90.	Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2	2
170.	Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4	2
33.	One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2	3
3.	£100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8	4
97.	Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act.	3	3
66.	Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18	4
172.	Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6	3
94.	Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7	5
45.	Our Domestics, comedy farce, 2 acts	6	6
155.	Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24	5
178.	Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts.	16	5
147.	Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11	5
156.	Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1	1
82.	Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12	4
127.	Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.	3	10
23	Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, in one act.	15	24
62	Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.	3	2

No.		M.	F.
61.	Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.	7	2
138.	Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1 act	10	3
110.	Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1	3	3
50.	Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.	8	2
59.	Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.	5	3
95.	Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act.	3	10
181 and 182.	Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.	38	8
157.	Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act.	5	2
196.	Queerest Courtship (The), comic opera, 1 act	1	1
132.	Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.	10	
183.	Richelieu, play, 5 acts.	16	2
38.	Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.	10	2
77.	Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.	8	4
13.	Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.	12	4
194.	Rum, drama, 3 acts.	7	4
195.	Rosemi Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4 scenes	6	3
158.	School, comedy, 4 acts.	6	6
79.	Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1	7	5
37.	Silent Protector, farce, 1 act	3	2
35.	Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2	1
43.	Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.	7	2
6.	Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2	1
10.	Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.	1	1
26.	Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16	5
78.	Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7	3
31.	Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3	
150.	Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1	2
120.	Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2	1
146.	There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.	1	2
83.	Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6	1
42.	Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7	3
27.	Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue	7	5
133.	Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4	2
153.	'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2	1
134.	Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1	3	2
29.	Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5	3
168.	Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4	2
126.	Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6	3
56.	Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3	
123.	Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4	4
199.	Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3	1
162.	Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2	1
106.	Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6	2
81.	Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3	3
124.	Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6	6
91.	Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7	2
118.	Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3	
44.	War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5	4
105.	Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act	2	10
98.	Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3	2
12.	Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4	4
5.	William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.	8	2
136.	Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	6	
161.	Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 4 acts.	10	4
11.	Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2	4	4
54.	Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1	3	3

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